

AMONG US MORTALS THE SALESLADY By W. E. Hill (Copyright, 1921, N. Y. Tribune Inc.)



The perfume and toilet goods counter. Miss Wicks has put a few drops of "Kisses of Spring" on her fingers and is waving her hand back and forth before the prospective purchaser. It's a special perfume, imported, and put up in Chicago, and Miss Wicks is watching to see if it will be a sale. If not, nothing daunted, she will get out the bottle of "Clinging Kiss"—imported, and put up in Newark—and will repeat the process. After the first half dozen customers the odors wafted across the counter are rather composite.



The somewhat dazed lady in the chair stepped into the exclusive millinery shop of "Madame Sophie—Importer" for the express purpose of buying a veil—no more nor less. Fifteen minutes later Madame Sophie and her two assistants, Etta and Ruby, have the somewhat dazed lady trying on everything in sight—and Madame Sophie is calling her "Sweetie." Etta and Ruby are still addressing her as "Modom," but they'll come around in a few minutes. "Oh, Modom!" they are shrieking, "the lines are perfect—it's just your type!" "Now, Sweetie," adds Madame Sophie, "you won't find another model like this in the whole town—and, what's more, if a little rain gets on it, it will improve the velvet, if anything."



Miss Moisten is not exactly a saleslady—she is a "consulting expert" in the interior decorating department of Gluey Brothers' emporium. Miss Moisten is very cold and aloof and in such good taste.



The vacuum cleaner demonstrator. "May I show you our new vacuum cleaner, which not only cleans but renovates and adds new life and luster to whatever it touches? It is really a plaything, not a utensil (gay laughter). I simply run it lightly over the surface of the carpet or rug, and in just no time at all"—etc., etc.



This is Mabel's first time at a Monday sale of "crepe blouses—slightly soiled." One of those counters frequented by a great many ladies hunting for forty sizes among the pile of misses' sixteen and having a good time generally. Not buying much of anything, just pricing things. It is toward the close of a most imperfect day and Mabel's outlook on life in general is none too cheery.



"This pattern is awful rich. It'll make up cool and nice." Sadie has one line of patter that has to go with everything she may be showing. It went great with the summer cretonnes on the fifth floor, but it's not getting over quite as well with the oilcloth in the basement!



Miss Brady, of the men's wear, trying to dissuade a gentleman from picking out a black tie. "This is very smart. This pattern is what they're all asking for."



The saleslady who presides over the kitchenware in the basement, where a winning personality isn't quite as essential as in the cloak and suit department.



Miss Hennessy, of the ready-to-wear department, coming forward, oh, so elegantly, to greet a customer. Miss Hennessy is attired in one of those smart imported models.